

TO SUCH OF THE

K. Irishman.

PEOPLE OF IRELAND,

AS ARE NOW IN REBELLION.

MY DELUDED COUNTRYMEN,

YOUR gracious King once more, through his humane Viceroy, opens his parental Arms, to receive you into the Bosom of Peace and Protection. For this divine Purpose the Proclamations of his Generals have, by his Direction, been sent abroad among you. With military Force in the Kingdom, much more than sufficient to punish your Crimes with Death, your merciful Sovereign again invites his deluded Subjects to look to him as their Father, to receive his Pardon, and to enjoy his Protection of their Lives and Property. Many Thousands of your unfortunate Countrymen, have already perished in Battle, the Victims of their own Madness, and of the bloody Schemes of the United Irishmen, your bitterest Enemies. Their Widows and desolate Orphans have ample Cause to curse the infernal Spirits, who seduced those Thousands to rebel, and urged them on to Death and Desolation. Your wretched Leaders, if they shall escape, will pay little Regard to the Widows and Orphans they have made: They feel no Remorse for the Fate of the Wretches whom they have led on to Destruction: The Widows may wring their Hands, and their starving Children may scream for Food, without touching the hardened Souls of your Leaders, who would sacrifice a Million of you, to their own horrible Purposes: They have cruelly betrayed you; and they will give you farther Proofs of their Treachery, by seeking Pardon for themselves, without any Regard to your Fate.

Your Country was happy before the Year 1791: It was growing into great Prosperity: Its Trade was increasing rapidly: Peace and Plenty appeared all over the Land: Rich Harvests covered the Fields, and the Farmer was blessed with abundant Crops, as the Reward of his Labour: The Life, Liberty and Property of the Subject were effectually secured by equal Laws, fairly and justly administered; and in no Nation upon Earth, had Talents and Industry a more free Scope, for the Attainment of Wealth and Honours. In that fatal Year, ever to be deeply lamented by our Country, the United Irishmen first began to sow the Seeds of Sedition, to spread the Poison of Rebellion among our People, and to plan your Destruction: From that gloomy Period, every Artifice which deep-laid Villainy could invent, and the basest Treachery suggest, hath been resorted to for the Purpose of imposing upon your Minds, and of inflaming your Passions.

Those wicked Conspirators well knew, that the great Body of the poor People of Ireland, could not reason deeply, but that they had lively Feelings: They, therefore, took Advantage of the Warmth of your Hearts, my unfortunate Countrymen; and by private Imposition and Seduction, by inflammatory public Speeches, and by venomous printed Publications, of every Sort, they have fatally succeeded, in giving to your Conduct, the deadly Bias they wished for: Every Class of Men in Society, which we had been used to view, with Veneration and Fondness, was attacked: Religion and its Ministers were vilified: The Government of the Country scandalized: Our most upright, constitutional and enlightened Judges, were basely calumniated and belied: The artless Minds of the Youth of the College, were perverted and poisoned: Every Relation and Connection in Life, which formed the great Bonds of Society, was almost destroyed: The Affection between Landlord and Tenant—the Confidence between Master and Servant, nay, even the Ties of Nature, with which, the Almighty bound the Hearts of Mankind, were, in many Instances destroyed, by the diabolical Efforts of the United Irishmen.—Assassination was avowed, and defended by your wicked Instigators; and in the dark Hour of Mid-night, the Servant was tutored to shed the Blood of the Family at whose Table he received his daily Nourishment; and thus, through every Artery of Life, was the most deadly Poison made to flow from that infernal System, of which the Society of United Irishmen was the Heart.

Merciful God! my Countrymen, how could you have been Dupes enough to believe, that such horrid Principles, and such hellish Plots, were intended for bettering your Condition, or for any other Purpose, than

your ultimate Destruction! Can you believe, that a Horde of Villains who could thus aim a Death-blow at every Principle of Religion, at every Tie of Nature, and at every Degree of Confidence, between Man and Man, would have kept Faith with you, if they had succeeded in their murderous Designs! But, to fill up the Measure of their Iniquity, and to give a deeper Die to their Crimes, one Engine more was to be played off, upon the Simplicity of your Minds: Your Fears were to be roused, and you were to be driven into Rebellion by Panic. To effect this detestable Purpose, the Speakers and Writers of the United Irishmen, by the most impudent Falsehoods, succeeded in persuading many of you, who were Roman Catholics, that nothing less than your total Destruction, was resolved upon by your Protestant Fellow-subjects: Many of you believed this wicked Lie, and fled with your Families, into the open Fields, exposed to the Severity of the Weather, to avoid the imaginary Massacre.

By such Artifices and abominable Falsehoods, have you been driven into a Rebellion, which has affixed a Mark of eternal Disgrace, to the very Name, of your once happy Country: Do you now feel, and see, that you have been made the Dupes, and the Victims, of the vilest Treachery, and the most profligate Falsehoods? What! The Protestants of Ireland, disposed to destroy their Catholic Fellow-subjects? Lay your Hands upon your Hearts, and say whether you now believe the detestable Lie! I appeal to the several Proclamations, of the Protestant Generals, of a Protestant King, whether any such Distinction was even hinted in them: I appeal to the present Proclamation of Pardon and Protection issued to you, by the Command of your benevolent Sovereign, calling upon all his deluded Subjects, of every Persuasion, to return to their Allegiance, and to receive his Forgiveness. I appeal to the many gallant Catholics, now in the Ranks of our Yeomanry and Militia, for the cordial Affection with which they are treated, and deserve to be treated, by their Protestant Fellow-soldiers.

Irishmen! In what Situation are you now left by the Miscreants, who have led you to the Brink of Ruin! Some of them have already felt the Punishments due to their Crimes; others, whose Speeches and Writings have greatly contributed to your Misfortunes, with affrighted Looks, now skulk along the Streets of Dublin, the Objects of general Detestation and Contempt, and with complicated Treachery, they now load you with Abuse, for those very Acts of Rebellion, which they themselves have goaded you to commit: They vainly hope that they will purge their own Conduct, by abusing yours.

The People of the North of Ireland discovered, in Time, the treacherous Schemes of these Miscreants, and now burn with an honest Zeal, to make them the Victims of natural Justice: But you are still in Arms against the best of Kings and his Government: Yet he seeks not Vengeance upon you: You sought to deprive him of the Crown of Ireland, and have thereby forfeited your Lives and Properties: Yet your Sovereign mercifully gives you both Life and Property, and pledges himself and his Government, for the Protection of both! You are now a wandering, miserable Crowd, flying before his victorious Armies; Yet, he graciously invites you back, to the Comforts of Peace and Protection, upon Conditions, the most indulgent and easy to be performed. Delay not a Moment, my Countrymen, to avail yourselves of this Act of Grace and Mercy.

As you value your Lives—As you value your wretched Wives and Children—As you value every thing dear to the Heart of Man in this Life, and your Salvation in the next, instantly desist from Rebellion, return to your God—return to your King and Country, and save your Lives and Families, while the Proclamation gives you Power to do so! If you neglect this Bounty of your Sovereign, your Destruction is inevitable. I am not connected with any political Party: I have done the Duty of a Fellow-subject, by giving you the best Advice in my Power: And may Heaven give it that Effect upon your Conduct, which is most sincerely desired by an

IRISHMAN.